



White roses bring life...



white rose

👁 30 ✓ 1 ⭐ 5

Chapter 1 by Neolillz ❤

A boy sat quietly at a grave. It wasn't particularly unusual. He was sitting quietly holding two white roses in his small pale hands. He was crying. This all seems quite usual for a mourning person. He wore black, he was kneeling in respect but despite all this there was still something off about the whole scene.

He eventually stood and placed one white rose on the grave gently. He walked over to the tombstone and placed the other on the top, balancing it carefully. He leaned up to the tomb stone and began whispering:

"You'll come back wont you?" He mumbled, lips softly pressed against the cold marble. As it was only a rock there was no reply but the boy acted as if there was.

"Do you promise me that?"

He paused, waiting for a reply.

"Okay, I love you." He said before leaving the graveyard.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



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They certainly wouldn't have known that his next destination was another graveyard. They didn't know that his backpack, which bounced up and down against his spine as he navigated through the suburban town, was stuffed with white roses.

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